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Wm Bronsdon-Suzuki

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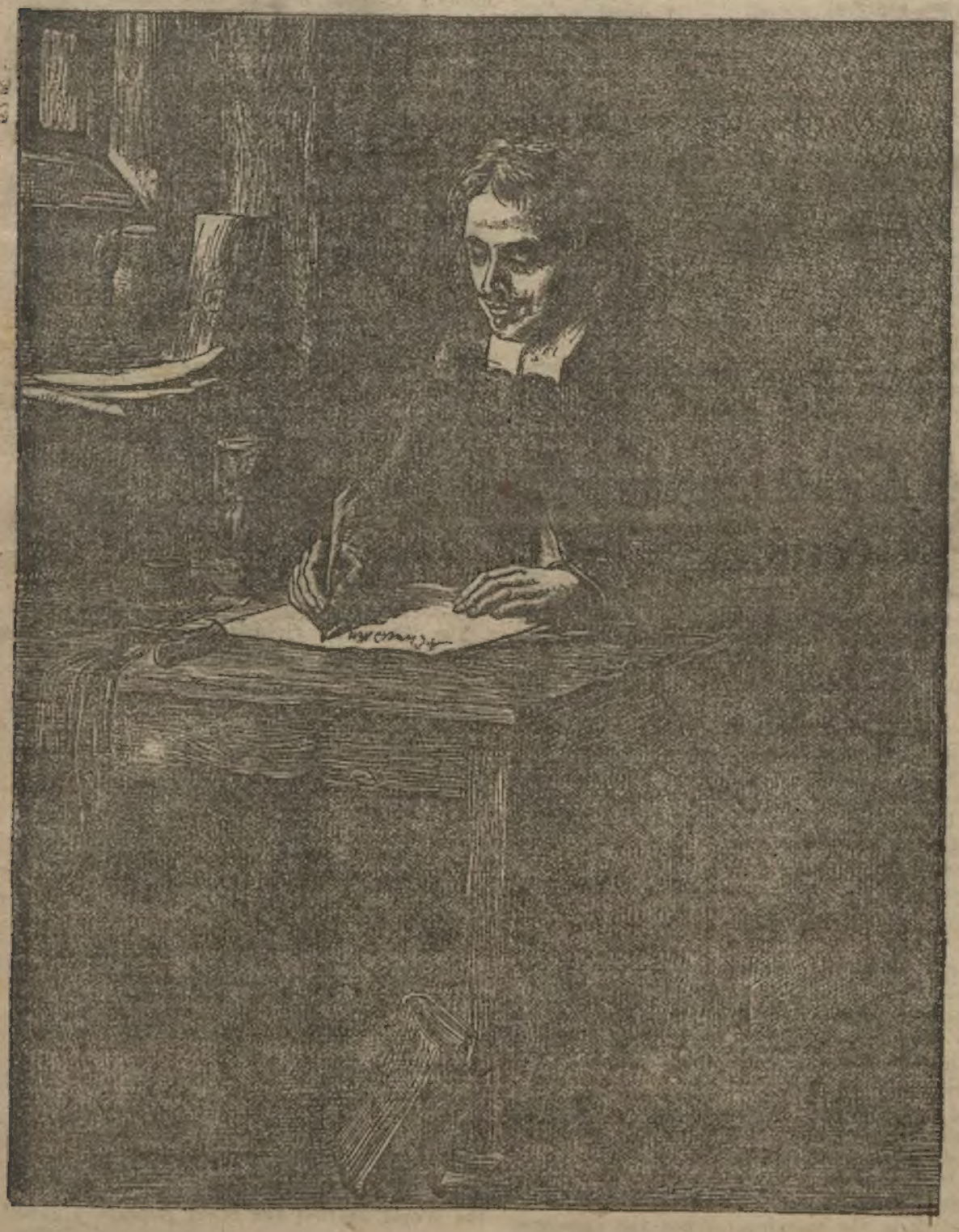
In Prison for Twelve Years.

Some of you are familiar with the story of John Bunyan. Others of you, perhaps, do not know that that part of the Pilgrim's Progress which he calls 'the Valley of the Shadow of Death' was a part he lived in for several years. He lived in the gloom and terrors of that awful state. After he became a preacher he was overwhelmed with thoughts as to his future, tempted to believe that he had sinned away his day of grace. Satan



JOHN BUNYAN WRITING THE 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'

whispered to him, 'Behold, thou art not one of the elect, and thou art sure to perish.' So he said, 'I will preach like one in chains.'

Nobody could stop him preaching. Like another John the Baptist, wherever he went he made sinners to tremble as he spoke to them of the certainty of punishment if they failed to repent, and all the time he was being persecuted, and there were times when they threatened to put him to death. You will remember that when once they had brought him out of prison, that miserable, damp hole where he spent so many weary days and nights, and the magistrate asked him,

'If we let you go will you cease to preach?'

'If you send me back to jail,' he replied, 'I will stop there until the moss grows on my eyebrows, and when I get out I will preach.'

Yet this was a time of great darkness and misery, but he felt the call to preach, and he tells us how there came upon him this terrible trial. The enemy said, 'We will hang thee, we will stop thy preaching with the rope,' and he said, 'I can fancy myself on the gallows'—that old primitive gallows, two upright posts and one across, and a rope hanging down with a noose at the end, and two ladders, one up which the culprit went, and one up which the executioner went. He could see that, and he said, 'I felt that rope around my neck.'

Satan said, 'When thou jumpest into eternity, I shall have thee,' and he said, 'Just then, when Satan was telling me I was such a fool to go on preaching; and that he would have me in the end, I fancied the rope round my neck and myself about to jump into eternity, and I heard Jesus Christ saying "Come unto Me;" "him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."'

'And I said, "Lord, when I jump into eternity I will jump towards Thee; if Thou dost catch me, well; but whether Thou dost catch me or not, I will jump towards Thee."'

That broke the snare, and his heart was made happy in his God. And I say to you, Come to God, come to Him, and I dare stake my crown that He receives you, and blesses you, and makes you glad and ready to dance for joy.

Must it not have seemed to John Bunyan that everything was against him? For twelve weary years he was imprisoned in Bedford Gaol. With his burning passion for souls, with his longing to preach the Gospel of the glory of the Blessed God, what a puzzle this strange providence must have been to him!

The door of the prison cell is preserved at Bunyan's Meeting as a memorial of this historic event. The chapel is a place of pilgrimage for travellers of all lands.

How the people longed to hear Bunyan's rousing words! How they hungered for the Bread of Life that he could break unto them!

But he was in bonds for Christ's sake. He could endure hardness as a good soldier of the Cross.

Then came the wonderful dream! No one will deny that it was a Divine revelation. What a radiancy of inspiration must have filled the dungeon as the dream passed before the illustrious prisoner! He was not at liberty to preach. Restraint fettered his lips—but the dreamer could write the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' 'He preserved the dream.' It did not fade away with the day-dawn. Almost as a pastime page after page of the immortal book was penned. So that now, as a result of that prison silence, he is preaching to millions by the printed page, instead of to thousands, and his message will live for centuries instead of for years.

We see the silver lining to the dark cloud, but to Bunyan it was a very different thing. His acute experience was a blessing in disguise for all sorts and conditions of men. Out of the stress and strain of that hard lot came the splendid allegory; but the writer had to endure the cross for those twelve burdensome years.

I am reminded of Mrs. Browning's choice epigram:—

'The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining.'

Yes! the 'lining' of the cloud 'shining' on the pilgrim's journey from the City of Destruction to the City of God has cheered multitudes, and will encourage multitudes more. Side by side with the Bible, the great dreamer's book is found in countless homes to-day.

It is always considered to be a fitting companion volume to the Holy Scriptures.

May every reader of these lines follow Bunyan's Pilgrim through the 'trial-way of life to the same kingdom of God above.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Macmorton's Secret.

(Mrs. Harvey-Jellie, in the 'Christian.')

The sleepy little church in the quiet town of Ablefleet experienced a mild shock on Sunday morning, when the minister announced a special meeting for Christmas Eve, adding 'a gentleman known to some of you has a secret to divulge.'

'Most absurd idea,' said an important deacon, 'no one will attend a meeting on Christmas Eve; I know I shan't.'

'What do you think of that?' asked Mrs. Sharpe of an astonished lady. 'A meeting on Christmas Eve! and Christmas dinner to think of! a secret! what ever is our church coming to!'

These and other similar remarks fell from the perturbed members on their homeward way, and unsparing were the remarks about that deluded minister on the five following days.

Still, after all opinions and disapprovals had been well ventilated, it came to pass on Christmas Eve that never had so large a number assembled in that church on a week evening.

An air of expectancy gave just the hopeful tone to the meeting; for, strange to say, everybody was in good time, and evidently eager as the minister rose to explain the reason for calling the ministry.

'I feared to ask you to come here,' he said, 'on Christmas Eve; but our friend Macmorton feels it laid upon his conscience to tell us the secret that lies behind his helpful conduct in this church. Therefore, with your patient permission, I ask him now to tell us his story.

A faint expression of disappointment might be seen on some of the faces, yet the wish to hear gave silent attention to the man, whose cheery manner at once arrested the audience as he spoke.

'I thank you sir, it is on your behalf and in the name of my Lord and Master, as well as the interest of this church. I came here two years ago, a stranger. I soon fell into the customs of this church. You must pardon me for confessing my own weakness, but I honestly declare, while I enjoyed the services and the sermons, I allowed all good effects to be discounted by the indifference I saw and the non-appreciative remarks I heard.

'I easily fell into the habit of half-day attendance, and only occasionally showed myself on week evenings.

'If ever the matter troubled me, I argued, "'Tis the minister's business to go; 'tis mine to do as I like." Noble argument you will think.

'But last Christmas Day I was suddenly called to account by a question forcing itself on me as I sat with my wife by our snug fireside. It was this, "What good have you done in this church since last Christmas?" I could not cast it off; it worried me, and would not be denied. My wife assured me I was as good as most of the people; but I tell you I felt uncomfortable, and still more so when she said, "The minister called to see you yesterday, and I sent word you were out. He can't have much to do. He can call again.' Now this pricked me, and I answered, "I am an unsympathetic coward, and from this time for one month I will try what he has to do, for as far as I can I'll put myself in his place, and into whatever he takes part in I go, if possible."

'I made a vow there and then. How amazed our minister must have been, for at every service I was present, and he was trying I knew to cheer and help me, I took good care I would return it by an encouraging look and a good word to others. I found his time was given either to study for us, or visiting, or meetings, and I abhorred myself for all my selfishness, and almost thinking I could not keep it up for a whole month, I persevered. I meant patient, self-forgetting work, I can tell you, and even then, there were many duties and much anxious toil I could not go into. It made me feel queer when he would shake hands and say he was glad to see me at the small meetings, for I had said, "for one month" I would do this; but by the time the month was up, I found myself in such close sympathy with our pastor that I was seeking every opportunity to render him help or cheer; in fact, his comfort was mine, his success was mine, his hopes or disappointments mine, and if through the months of the year I have been what he calls his "right hand," this is the secret, I had put myself in his place and had done for him what I would have been glad of had I been the minister instead.

'I ask your forgiveness, but I dared not keep this longer to myself, for we are told to "provoke one another to love good works," and I pray that on this coming Christmas Day every one of you will try my secret, and let us shoulder the burden of good work together and with our leader go on to a good and glorious future.'

For a minute there was silence, then from the back of the building a naval man spoke out, addressing the minister of the church:—

'If that gentleman is helper number one, I'll be helper number two; you may depend on me, captain!'

A strangely solemn feeling seemed to be in the meeting. No resistance, but a quiet air of devotion as several earnest prayers were offered and the meeting closed.

A week later New Year dawned over Ablefleet, and at the appointed time the minister entered his pulpit. How often had he sighed over disappointed hopes; he had tried to steel himself against the outward conditions, till he had sometimes felt all the warm heart glow become chilled within him.

On that particular Sunday a surprise met him, for instead of a few worshippers here and there, and many coming in late, he beheld a full church, and all in time.

Macmorton experienced the joy of answered prayer, and felt that God had accepted his conduct toward His ministering servant as deeds of loving kindness done unto the Lord Jesus Christ.

For the first time the preacher broke down—cold, when continued, only freezes, but warmth and sunshine sets the waters free.

Putting his sermon aside he said: "'Tis the pew creates the sermon, the people make the preacher. My text shall be the words of God to Moses—"This shall be unto you the beginning of months"—forgiven, I have the sympathy and loyalty of those who profess to be Christ-like; my message shall be the outcome of your prayers, and carried on the wings of your faith and zeal, shall win souls for the nearing eternity of bliss,' and out of a full heart he spoke as he could not have done before.

The sequel will make a volume too large for any library, but happy are they whose names figure on its pages

Just the Man.

Successful missionary work in heathen countries is done only by missionaries who possess a rare combination of personal traits. In too many cases the examination of the candidate fails to reveal the presence or the absence of this combination. But the following story shows how an unusual examination made known that a certain young man was just the sort of missionary needed.

It was winter. The examiner sent the candidate word to be at his home at three o'clock in the morning. When the appointed man arrived at the appointed time, he was shown into the study, where he waited for five hours. At length the examiner appeared, and asked the candidate how early he had come.

'Three o'clock, sharp.'

'All right; it's breakfast time now; come in and have some breakfast.'

After breakfast they went back to the study.

'Well, sir,' said the examiner, 'I was appointed to examine you as to your fitness for the mission field. Can you spell, sir?'

The young man thought he could.

'Spell "baker," then.'

'B-a ba, k-e-r ker—baker.'

'All right; that will do! Now, do you know anything about figures?'

'Yes, sir, something.'

'How much is twice two?'

'Four.'

'All right; that's splendid. You'll do first-rate. I'll see the board.'

When the board met the examiner reported. 'Well, brethren,' he said, 'I have examined the candidate, and I recommend him for the appointment. He'll make a tip-top missionary—first class. First, I examined the candidate on his self-denial. I told him to be at my place at three o'clock in the morning. He was there. That meant getting up at two o'clock, or earlier, in the dark and cold. He got up, and never asked me why. Second, I examined him on promptness. I told him to be at my place at three o'clock, sharp. He was there, not one minute behind time. Third, I examined him on patience. I let him wait five hours for me when he might just as well have been in his bed, and he waited and showed no signs of impatience. Fourth, I examined him on his temper. He didn't get excited; met me perfectly pleasant; didn't ask me why I had kept him waiting on a cold winter morning from three till eight o'clock. Fifth, I examined him on humility. I asked him to spell words a five-year-old child could do, and he didn't show any indignation; didn't ask me why I treated him like a child or a fool. Brethren, the candidate is self-denying, prompt, patient, obedient, good-tempered, humble. He's just the man for a missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance.'— Michigan 'Christian Guardian.'

Worthless Clay a Hindrance.

A child put its hand into a rare and valuable vase, and could not withdraw it. The father said, 'You must open your hand and straighten out the fingers; then you will be free.' But the child said. 'Oh, papa, I couldn't straighten out my fingers, for then I should drop my marble.' It is only when we insist upon holding on to the things of clay that we find trouble in doing as Jesus would like to have us do.—'Ram's Horn.'

'Pictorial' News.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' bears out the promise of its first number to give its patrons only the highest class of work. The object of the new monthly is to present pictorially the news of the day edited from a Canadian point of view for those interested in Canada and the British Empire. Canada and the British Empire are a large order, and the pictures consequently cover a big field. In this impatient age, when many people prefer to draw their own conclusions from a good picture rather than wade through a dull article, the new journal ought to do well. Certainly it offers the maximum of pictures and the minimum of prose.—From Toronto 'Star.'

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Your local weekly, of course, but you need something besides that, and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' exactly fits your needs. 'An independent, fearless and forceful newspaper.' Latest news of the World, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Questions and Answers, valuable departments devoted to farm, garden and allied interests. Something for every member of the family. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. One dollar a year.

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

'There's toss-pot and toss-port, sir. It's hard to say which on 'em tosses farthest. Both on 'em can toss to the devil; and it won't mek' much difference to the tossed 'uns which it was that tossed 'em there. Tak' a turn an' mend is a good game to play at. It's like roonders, where everybody gets their innin's, or owt to do.'

Of course this sally was not greeted with applause, at least not until Mr. Norwood Hayes had passed on.

Mr. Hayes smiled, and nodded affably at old Aaron—he was seldom greatly ruffled—as he retired, saying: 'True, Aaron, very true. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall."'

Aaron Brigham watched his retreating form with somewhat of sadness mingled with admiration in his eyes. Had he spoken, he would have said, I think, something like this: 'You're a good man, Norwood Hayes, and a strong one; what a pity you are not something more. Nobody could do so much to lift the curse of Netherborough as you, if you only were so minded. You will be, some day, but how much will it take of pain and sorrow, I wonder, to bring it about.

As the time was drawing near for the special ceremonial of the day, the various groups of gossipers dissolved, and as even Tommy Smart could find no satisfaction in lounging by himself, he, too, adjourned to his familiar resort—the bar of the 'Red Cow.' There were a few coppers in his pocket, and talking had made him thirsty. That was, at any rate, the excuse he made to himself for spending them in beer, though in his miserable 'home' down in Southgate, yonder, there are four small children, including the wee white slave, little Kitty Smart—Old Aaron Brigham's child-lover, on whose brave shoulders the whole burden of the 'mitherless bairns' was laid.

CHAPTER III.

Along the main street of Netherborough went Mr. Norwood Hayes, walking erect as was his wont, looking, as folks say, every inch a man. He had a nod and a smile for everybody who seemed to expect it, and once, on his way, he put his hand within the arm of a young man whom he overtook, and walked with him, winning a new and stronger hold on his affection and regard.

Mr. Norwood Hayes was very popular with the young men of Netherborough, and rightly so, for he was deeply interested in them, and did his best, at least he thought so, for their welfare. At length he reached his office, a quite imposing edifice, measured on the Netherborough scale, of brick and stone. On the wire window-blinds of the office, the following legend in gilded capitals was inscribed: 'Norwood Hayes, Corn Merchant and Miller, Depot for Agricultural Implements of every description. Agent for the Northern Fire and Life Insurance Co.'

Mr. Norwood Hayes did not 'live at the business,' though he lived by it, and made a good thing of it beyond the cost of doing so. He had quite a delightful place of his own, a little out of town, on the Scranton Road. It was hardly a mansion, perhaps, but was worthy of a better name than 'villa,' that hackneyed French importation that suggests stucco and semi-detachments. Mrs. Hayes, their son Cuthbert, their daughter Alice, and himself, constituted the entire household at Throstle's Nest, with the exception of two maids, a man-servant, and a boy, who probably made as much work as they performed, and so kept the balance even.

The 'first sod' of the new railway was to be cut at four o'clock precisely, and no less important an individual than George Huddlestone, Esq., the great railway king, was to perform the ceremony. That great financier and adventurous speculator was rightly regarded as the best friend that Netherborough had ever known. He had purchased a large landed estate in the immediate neighborhood, and had already given clear proof of his belief that if property has its rights it has its duties and its obligations too.

Now this was an astounding innovation. The good folks of Netherborough had not been at all accustomed to that kind of thing.

The Dukes of Debenham, from whom the estate had passed, were never seen at all, and seldom heard of, except on rent days, when the tenants were actually invited to dine with —the steward!

With Mr. Huddleston, matters were managed in a very different way. As soon as his great purchase was completed, he set to work to improve the condition, and to advance the interests, of that little market town close by. What wonder that Netherborouhg swore by George Huddleston? What wonder that the Debenhams and all their ducal traditions vanished into thin air, which precisely represented their genuine value. It was the new lord of the manor that lighted Netherborough's sombre streets with gas, and he it was who had brought the crowning gift—the railway! Is it to be wondered at that the railway king was the man whom the townsfolk delighted to honor? The fact is that his majesty is held in true regard and grateful remembrance at Netherborough to this day.

Of course on that great day of the turning of the first sod, the townspeople were resolved that the place should be dressed in its very best, and indeed it was well-nigh 'dressed to death,' that is to say, it was almost smothered in flags and bunting.

Theree was a coach running every day between York and Hull, which always stopped at the 'Netherborough Arms' for change of horses. The daily advent of the 'Highflier' gave quite a throb of life to the sleepy little town. The sound of the guard's horn, as he blew a ringing blast, not music but strong, at the 'town-end,' called out the children to shout, the dogs to bark, and the folk to gaze in curious wonder at the strangers who came and went. This was Netherborough's daily dram of excitement, and was so very mild a stimulus that the veriest teetotaler could not have found the heart to dash it from their lips.

Now the 'Highflier' used once upon a time to put up at the 'Grapes,' a rival hotel a few doors distant from the 'Netherborough Arms.' When, in consequence of some disagreement, the coach transferred its patronage to the last named inn, the 'Grapes' took huge offence, and never lost an opportunity of belittling the 'Highflier,' and predicting the time when its pride would have a fall.

Now its time had come. The 'Grapes' displayed a large and roughly effective picture, 'The Death of the "Highflier."' A railway train was crashing at full speed into the obnoxious coach, which was sadly smashed by the force of the collision. The horses were drawn in every inconceivable and impossible position of frantic alarm, The coachman was hurled into mid-air, and the guard was laid on his back, blowing a lugubrious blast through his horn, from which a thin white cloud was issuing with 'his legend on it, 'The "Highflier" is a Low-lier.' The 'Netherborough Arms' had not grace enough to forbear an ill-natured retort—there are few people who have, more's the pity—and so it made answer in its wrath, 'Not the "Highflier," but Peter Ransdall!' Now Peter Ransdall was mine host of the 'Grapes.'

At the hour of three, or soon afterwards, an open carriage with four horses came rolling through the main street of the town, driven in dashing style by a coachman in brilliant livery. Two footmen, clad, as the old song says, in garments gorgeous to behold, stood behind, keeping guard over the occupants of the carriage. These were Mr. and Mrs. George Huddleston, together with Miss Huddleston and the young Lord Seaton, son-and-heir of the Right Honorable the Earl of Thaxendale, who, it was said, was a suitor for the young lady's hand and heart. People said—but then that is poor authority—that the impecunious young patrician would have been content to get on without either, if he could have their full value in railway shares. Judging from appearances, his lordship, on the other hand, was not likely to be much of a bargain at any price.

The railway king was a somewhat short, stout personage, whose general appearance made it tolerably evident that he had 'sprung from the ranks.' Shrewdness and energy were depicted in every line of his face, and so was geniality and good nature. Those who were most intimate with him spoke warmly of him. Most people do so speak of those from whom they hope to receive great things and precious in those days, and his majesty held the bestowing of them in his own right hand of power.

While the great man and his party were partaking of some light refreshments at the 'Netherborough Arms,' quite a crowd had gathered in front of the inn, standing with straining eye and ear to catch sight or sound of the illustrious guest within. And what wonder? For at that time George Huddleston was supposed to have in his possession the philosopher's stone that turned all he touched into gold, red gold!

At last the eventful hour arrived, the carriage was at the door. The great man's appearance was greeted with a deafening burst of cheers. Then the eager crowd followed the carriage at a run, as it led the way to the green fields and the chosen spot where the first sod was to be turned in state of the new railway, which was to link Netherborough with the city of York, and with the open markets of the great world outside.

I have no space to narrate in detail the historic events that followed. Are they not written in the columns of the 'York Herald' of that period? The Rev. Septimus Bartley, vicar of Netherborough, rotund, rubicund, and genial, standing with a select few within an enclosure of ropes and stakes, presented Mr. Huddleston with an address, and a few added words of welcome. The contractor for the line presented the hero of the hour with a 'silver spade.' A little polished wheelbarrow, constructed for the surpose, was placed, with its dainty wheel, upon a plank, the 'sod was cut in a workman-like manner,' so the reporters wrote, and was placed in the barrow for removal. His Majesty wheeled it along the plank, and overturned it at the appointed place with a smile and a nod that roused afresh the crowd to cheer. No navvy could have done it better, most likely not so well.

Mounting a platform, improvised for the purpose, Mr. Huddleston delivered a short and stirring speech. He congratulated the townfolk on 'this auspicious turn of the tide of fortune, and predicted a rapid rise in the trade of the town and district. He referred to the fact that he had become a near neighbor as the purchaser of the Debenham estates, and gave an earnest and truthful promise to do his best to promote the interests of the good town of Netherborough.' Mr. Norwood Hayes proposed a vote of thanks to their honored visitor in his usual graceful. and winsome style, and using, as he always did, words apt and fit and few. This was seconded by Dr. Marcus Medway, whose local popularity was based on his professional faith in port wine, which he freely prescribed and inbibed. In-

deed he was accounted to be at his best and cleverest when moderately under the influence of that stimulating inspiration. Alas! for certain of his patients, the moderation often failed at need. Dr. Medway cut short his remarks with the intimation that a banquet was impending, and that a supply of ale, 'ad libitum' was awaiting the patronage of the crowd, 'free, gratis, and for nothing.' A treble volley of cheers was the least return that could be made for such a peep into a prospective land of bliss.

At this point Miss Alice Hayes, a young lady of eighteen summers, stepped forward and presented a big bouquet, almost as sweet and lovely as herself, to Mrs. Huddleston, who received it with a bow, a smile, and a blush, though the latter perhaps was not distinctly understood by some of the lookers on. Then the Netherborough 'celebrated brass band, with more metal than music in it, played 'God save the Queen,' and that portion of the ceremonial came to an end.

The crowd dispersed. The select hundred and twenty, who had tickets for the banquet, retired to get ready for the evening's ceremonial, which was to be held in the big club-room of the Netherborough Arms. The crowd in general found their way to 'The Green,' which had become a veritable land of Goshen, where beef and beer and bread and cheese and ale were waiting to satisfy the hunger and to quench the thirst of all who chose to put in their claim.

(To be Continued.)

Our Youngest Agent.

We have reproduced scores of letters in previous announcements from our boy agents and we could publish hundreds all testifying to the popularity of the Canadian Pictorial.' But this time we will content ourselves by giving just one from a little chap five years old, who sold 24 copies and earned a watch, and one from his 'daddy.'

FROM OUR AGENT.

I got the watch yesterday and I like it very much. I am only five years old. I can't count money yet, but if I could I would be glad to handle your papers. I did not find it hard to sell the papers. I sold the two dozen in two half days.

I had my daddy write this for me.

Yours truly,
ARCHIE.

FROM HIS DADDY.

My little boy Archie was five years old last October, and I suppose the youngest of your many agents for the 'Pictorial.' He had practically no help in selling the twenty-four copies, which goes to show that it sells at sight, and on its merits. He will not be able to sell any during the winter, he is too little, but next spring you will probably hear from him again.

Thanking you for your courtesy and assuring you that the watch is of a better grade than I expected, I remain yours truly,
A. McQUEEN.

We hope Archie will oblige us with his photograph, as we would like to place it in our portrait gallery of the 'Pictorial' that its many thousands of readers may see what our youngest agent looks like.

If you wish to add your name to the already large list of our successful agents send in your order early for the January edition, which will be even better, if possible than the Christmas number. Many will take half a dozen straight to send to friends in the Old Country.

Cash in advance at the rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once, just as soon as you remit for the first.

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The Selfish Girl.

'Mabel, put down your book, and help me a few moments,' called a mother to her young daughter.

Mabel read on, without seeming to hear. Presently her mother called her again.

'Yes, mamma,' said Mabel, 'I'll be down in just a moment.'

The time went on, and presently the mother called a third time.

'Please let me finish this chapter,' called Mabel.

The mother did not answer, but tired as she was, she did the work alone. Not being called again, Mabel decided that her mother did not want her, and bent over her book with renewed interest. She kept her room all the morning, and did not think of her mother and the work downstairs. Mabel did not mean to be entirely selfish. She did not understand how much her mother needed her help. She thought only of her own pleasure, and was inclined to be cross and fretful if interfered with.

There are hundreds of such girls. They do not mean to be wholly selfish; no doubt they think they love their mothers, but they love their own way also.

Girls, God gives you but one mother. See to it that you show your love for her in a way that will gladden her heart and lighten her cares.—The 'Friend.'

Reggie's Record.

(Aunt Alice, in the 'Child's Companion.')

The people who live in the East are, like many English boys and girls, very fond of hearing stories. They have many beautiful legends, and this is one of them.

A traveller once set out on a very long journey. He took very little baggage, but two companions travelled with him everywhere he went. They were on each side of him and never separated. The one on the right side was dressed in white, while the one on the left side was dressed in black. Both looked beautiful and had very kind and loving faces, and both carried a book.

The traveller could not see his companions, although he knew who they were.

Presently he saw a very hungry-looking dog, and he broke off a piece of the bread he was eating and gave it to him. Then the one on the right side began writing in his book; and when he had finished, he sealed the writing, and a beautiful smile passed over his face. Later on they met a poor old woman carrying a heavy burden, and the traveller helped her along the road with it. Then the one on the right wrote again in his book and sealed it. Every time the traveller did anything that was kind, right and good, the beautiful white companion wrote it down in his book and sealed it and smiled. It seemed to make him very glad.

But when the traveller did or said anything that was unkind or cross or bad, the one on the left wrote it down in his book and looked very sad, and kept watching the face of the traveller to see if he looked sorry, or showed any sign of sorrow. Directly he did so, the beautiful black one crossed out the bad deed, so that no one might know what had been written there. But the traveller did not always say at once that he was sorry; then his companion would wait and wait, until midnight, and if by that time the writing was not crossed out, then the beautiful black one was obliged to seal it in the book, and there it stayed until the end of his journey, which was the end of his life.

'If I were that traveller I should like the white one to write all down that I did. I should try and do right and good things always,' said little Reggie Long, a bright little boy of seven, whose mother had been reading the legend to him.

'I hope you will, dear, because those beautiful companions will go with you wherever you go and make a record of what you do,' said his mother.

So all next day he tried to be as kind as he knew how to everyone in the house; and at the Kindergarten School to which he went, he shared his biscuits with a little boy who had none, and did his very best to please his teacher.

Then in the afternoon when mother said the children might have a donkey ride, he asked if little lame Johnnie, who lived opposite, might ride instead of himself, as he seldom could go out unless the weather was very fine, and the ride would be such a treat to him. Reggie's mother smiled and was pleased because her little boy was trying to be unselfish.

So the day went on. In the evening when he was undressing and having his cosy talk with mother, he said—

'Mother, do you think the white angel has written down anything I've done to-day?'

'Whatever you tried to do that was right

Confide in Mother.

The moment a girl hides a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush.

A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat, and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than the women who tell too little.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, 'I have been here; I met so and so; such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done,' will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of her greater experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will not be likely to do anything very wrong if, from the first, you have no secrets from mother.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

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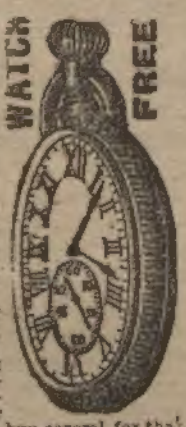

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and good and kind, the angel has written down, my darling,' said his mother.

'But they were only little things, mother, perhaps they were too small. I'm only seven,' said Reggie.

'God knows that, dear, and the angel knows it too, and He does not expect you to do great things, only just what you can.'

'Then you think they are all written down?'

'Yes, darling.'

'Then, mother, the black angel had something to write. Yes,' said Reggie with a little sob in his voice, 'and I haven't said I'm sorry yet.'

'Well, what was it, dear?' asked his mother very gently.

'Oh, mother, can I tell it to you and God at the same time?'

So he knelt down at her knee, closed his eyes and began to pray. 'Dear God, I'm very sorry that the beautiful black angel had to write about me to-day, but he had to because when I was in the garden after tea, I broke off one of father's tomatoes. It was the big one just getting red; and I didn't tell him about it. So father thought Rover did it, and he chained him up, and I didn't say anything. I'm so sorry, dear God. Please forgive me, and let the angel cross it out of the book. I know he's looking sad because I let Rover be punished. Please forgive me for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

Then his mother lifted him up and went to the door and called father. His father came, and then Reggie told him all about it, and begged that Rover might be set free and himself punished.

His father looked grave, and said that it was very sad to allow anything to suffer wrongly and to keep silent when he had done wrong. 'Always be brave, and own to your faults and you will grow up a true man,' said he.

When his father had forgiven and kissed him, Reggie laid his head on his pillow with the happy feeling that all was right now. And when Rover came scratching at the door for his good-night pat, tears came into the little boy's eyes, as he stroked his doggie's back, and he resolved that he would never let him be punished again except for his own fault.

And the beautiful white one wrote down on his shining page that Reggie had confessed his sin and tried to do all that he could to atone for it. With a bright smile he sealed it and shut the book.

When the Wind Blows.

If I were the wind I'd blow with a will,
I'd blow little bushes right off from the hill;
I'd blow all the stars very fast from the sky;
I'd blow little fishes up where it is dry.

I'd blow all the thistle heads far out to sea;
I'd blow all the fleecy clouds down here by me;
I'd blow the birds' feathers all up the wrong way,
I'd blow for a night and I'd blow for a day.

I'd blow all the ships to the great big North Pole,
And there tie them fast where they'd toss and they'd roll,
But then, just to show I was only in fun,
I'd blow the things back again—every one.

—'Boys and Girls.'

Jack Brandon's Certificate of Character.

'We must hurry or we won't get a chance at the nuts. The Ninth Grade boys are going over to the grove in a body, and if they get there first we might as well stay away.' This from George Brandon, who was getting over the ground as fast as his short legs would carry him, while his cousin kept pace with him without any effort.

As they swung along the street in the outskirts of the village, talking of the day's promise of a good time, and wondering if the Ninth Grade boys had started yet, they came to a sudden halt. They were opposite a queer little house, old and weather-beaten; windows placed irregular for convenience rather than outside appearance; wooden eaves-trough; a lean-to and a scraggy grapevine clambering up toward the poof; a tangled mass of weeds and flowers that had escaped the early frost grew along the fence.

As the boys came opposite, a window was hastily thrown up, a man's head and shoulders were pushed out, and a voice called out:

'Hello! Say, you young fellows, are you going to the village?'

'No!' replied George, moving forward. But Jack said:

'Hold on; let's see what's wanted.'

'We haven't time!' persisted George.

'We'll take time!' Turning to the man, he said: 'Can we do anything for you, sir?'

'Well, I'm that stiff with rheumatics that I couldn't hobble to the village and back in half a day. Miss Green wants her shoes for Sabbath, and I've run out o' thread and can't finish them nohow, 'thout I get some. I thought mebbe you'd just as soon get me some; boys like to run about! My! I wish I was a boy!'

George demurred, and explained that they were in haste, and were not going to the business street of the town, and, anyway, did not expect to return before two o'clock. 'We could bring the thread then, if that would do?' he said.

The old man shook his head. 'There wouldn't be time to finish the work after that, and Miss Green, she don't like to be kept waiting! Besides, I promised her, and I never broke a promise yet,' and the old voice faltered as the head drew back; he was about to shut the window when Jack spoke up:

'I'll do the errand, sir, if you'll tell me just what you want and where to get it.'

The old face brightened. 'Bless you. You'll save an old man's reputation for keeping his word, and Miss Green won't be kept from church to-morrow!'

In spite of his cousin's protest, Jack waited for his orders and cheerfully undertook one or two additional commissions. It is true that he was late at the grove, and the Ninth Grade had been before him, so that the nuts were scarce, and George, with his own bag full, said tauntingly:

'If you hadn't been such a greeny as to turn an errand boy for old Snitz, you might have had as many. You got nothing for it, and lost your chance here.'

'You are mistaken, I did get something!'

'You did! What?'

'Thanks, and a promise to do me a good turn,' returned Jack, quietly.

EXPIRING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The time has arrived when subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' whose subscriptions terminate December 31st should send their remittance.

For new introductions the 'Northern Messenger' depends upon the kind efforts of its friends who have given their hearty co-operation in the past. We will look for your renewal in good time this year, and for your convenience in remitting you will find in this week's issue an addressed envelope and subscription blank. We would greatly appreciate the addition of a list of new subscriptions at the same time.

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'That was good pay! Likely you'll get into the President's Cabinet on the strength of his influence,' exclaimed George, ironically.

'Well, Snitzer, at it yet?'

'Yes, Jedge, I allers at it!'

'Can you sew up a rip in my boot just now while I wait?'

'Reckon I can, sir! I ain't so very busy. The truth is, I kinder kalkerlated to lay off this afternoon. I had no other business on hand.'

'Ah! How so?' asked the Judge, with a show of interest.

'Well, I have been writing out a certificate of character for a boy. You know about John Brandon's boy. He lives up to his Uncle Fred Brandon's now, but he wants to get a chance to make something out of himself, and I just writ out a paper for him; mebbe you'd like to look it over while I take the boot in hand?'

This is what Judge Cary read, written in a cramped hand, with some misspelled words:

'This certifies that Jack Brandon, son of the late Jack Brandon, is a polite, kind young fellow. He is kind to animals, helpful to the poor and helpless, honest, can reckon money correct, and has good, strong temperance principles. He can stand ridicule, and can sacrifice his own interests without wanting to be known as a martyr. Anybody that wants this sort of boy had better get hold of Jack Brandon.

'(Signed.) Karl Snitzer.'

'How do you know all this?' asked the Judge, when he had spelled out the scrawl.

'How do I know? Well, I'll tell you, Jedge.' While the rip in the boot was rapidly closing the old man told of his interview with the two Brandon boys. 'Now, that Jack took off his hat while he talked with me, so I know he is a polite boy. He stooped to pat the cat when she rubbed up against him, so I know he is kind to animals. He gave up the nutting party to do me a kindness, and didn't seem to think it was any great thing to do. He did my errands all square, and brought back the change, more than I expected, because some of the things were cheaper than I thought. So, you see, I know.'

'But what about the temperance principles? How do you know that?'

The old man hesitated, then answered slowly: 'Well, Jedge, I suppose, I'll have to tell you. Being you are so stiff yourself on the question, I hated to own up. You see, I asked the boy to bring me a bottle of liquor, and he just stood up and said, "Sir, I can't do that. Anything else you want I'll do." Well, he got all I sent for. Wouldn't take pay either. I tell you, Jedge, if you want a boy, he's the one for you.'

A few years ago Jack Brandon was admitted to the bar, taken into partnership with Judge Cary. Looking over some old papers, in view of the new arrangement, the Judge came across one over which he smiled, then handed it over to his new partner, saying:

'I think I never showed you this. Perhaps it may interest you.'

Jack read it with a puzzled expression, then as light broke, he said with feeling:

'He did "serve me a good turn"!'

It was Jack's 'Certificate of Character.'—'Parish Visitor.'

What a Boy Did.

James Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between James and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent, and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but, instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I couldn't understand it.

'Why, Jamie,' I said, 'you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could.'

'Of course I could,' he said, with a little laugh.

'Then why didn't you?' I asked.

He wouldn't answer me for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned around with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

'Look here,' he said, 'how could I help it? There's poor Willie. His mother died last week; and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?'—'Evangelical Herald.'

Table Manners.

The bluejay is a greedy bird; I often watch
him eat,
When crumbs are scattered from our door,
he snatches all the treat.
He drives the smaller birds away, his manners
are so rude,
It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble
down his food!
And sometimes, when I'm not polite, I hear
my mother say:
'Why, now I see a little boy who's eating
bluejay way!'

The sparrows are a noisy set and very quarrelsome,
Because each hungry little bird desires the biggest crumb.
They scold and fight about the food, all chirping, 'Me! Me! Me!'
And sometimes, when we children are inclined
to disagree
About the sharing of a treat, my mother says,
'Why, you
Are acting now the very way the silly sparrows do!'

The jolly little chickadees are perfectly polite;
They never scratch, they never bolt, they
never, never fight.
They hold the crumbs down daintily with both
their little feet,
And peck off tiny little bites—we love to
watch them eat.
And, when my sister's good at meals, my mother says, 'I see
A little girl who's eating like a darling chickadee.'

—'Good Housekeeping.'

A Starved Lamb.

Walking through my field on a winter's morning, I met with a lamb, as I thought dead, but taking it up I found it just alive; the cruel mother had almost starved it to death. I brought it into my house; there I rubbed its limbs, and warmed it by the fire, and fed it with warm milk from the cow.

Soon the lamb revived. First it feared me, but afterwards it thoroughly loved me, as I mostly fed it with my own hands. So it followed me wherever I went, bleating after me whenever it saw me, and was always happy when it could frisk round me, but never so pleased as when I could carry it in my arms.

Jesus is my Shepherd—the shepherd of our souls—and of Him it is said, 'He carries the lambs in His arms, and gently leads those that are with young.' If you desire to know the love of Jesus, read it in the Bible. There you will find such things as I hope will melt your eyes to tears, your hearts to love.—Rowland Hill.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Jan. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

The Great Temptation.

A Chapter from Real Life.

(By the Boy's Father.)

It was missionary morning at the old home church, and Henry and his father sat side by side in the family pew. The representative of state missions poured out upon the listening people the stream of his knowledge and emotion raised to flood by intimate contact with many struggling churches and missionary pastors. He told of a young man who asked that his $400 salary be increased by $50 because he had brought a bride to share his joys and labors, of the decrease made in many salaries because of lack of funds and how, in consequence, there would be no Christmas joys in some pastors' homes and little feet would be poorly protected against the cold of a northern winter. He told of men who travelled miles, sometimes on foot, to preach the gospel in country schoolhouses on Sunday afternoon, and how nobly many promising young men were working hard and enduring hardships for salaries smaller than an Italian makes who uses the pick and shovel on the city streets.

Henry listened to it all intently and sympathetically and watched the passing of envelopes and subscription papers. He gave no outward sign, however, of what was taking place in his twelve-year-old mind until home was reached and lunch was over. Then he crowded down beside his father in the Morris chair and laying his head against his father's shoulder, began the conversation.

'Papa, how much money did they get this morning?'

'I don't know, son. There were a great many subscriptions made, but I do not know the amount.'

'I hope they got $500.'

'How much did you give?'

'They didn't give me any envelope. I had no chance to give anything.'

'Well, it isn't too late yet. How much will you give?'

'Why, papa, you know I haven't any money, I can't give anything.'

'I thought you had about $5.'

'Yes, I have $4.90, but I want to put that in the bank as soon as I can get 10 cents more, and you know how long I have been saving to start a bank account.'

'Do you have to start that bank account?'

'No, but I want it so much.'

'Well, son, suppose a man had been planning to invest $500 and had saved $490 towards it and should say that he had nothing to give to support the missionary pastors; or suppose that a man had saved $3,900 with which to buy an automobile, or a lady had saved $90 towards a $100 gown, and these should say they had nothing they could give towards providing even the necessities of life for Christ's ministers. Would they——'

'Now, papa, if you want to make them mean me just say they have it all but 10 cents. You know I have saved it all but 10 cents.'

There was a touch of protest and tears in the tone.

'Well, my dear little boy, if you see the point I will leave you to settle the question for yourself, whether you can say truthfully to your Heavenly Father, "I have nothing I can give to support the men who are spreading your kingdom" when you have $4.90 all your own, for which you have no use other than the satisfaction of your desire.'

There was silence unbroken until the doorbell called the father to a new line of duty, and the little boy was left alone in the big chair with the big question. That night father and son found a few minutes in which to talk, and the father asked, 'Well, Henry, have you decided that question about money for the missionary pastors?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I am going to give it all.'

'All!' Here was a swing in the pendulum. 'Can you give it all and be happy and cheerful about it?'

The little towhead came down against the father's breast and the little hand was thrust into his as the answer came, low, but firm, 'Yes, sir.'

'But, my son, I am not sure you ought to give it all.'

'Yes, I want to give it all.'

'But, Henry, there may be other good people and causes for you to help, and it will be sufficient if you share with these your good things and stand ready to share with others who have like need at some future time. Suppose you give a dollar. Besides, it is all right for you to keep something toward that bank account, provided you do not let that prevent you from doing good to those whose needs as to-day brings you opportunity.'

'Well, papa, I would rather give it all, but if you think it best I will give the dollar.'

The struggle was over and Henry had resisted the great temptation—the temptation which has swept multitudes of Christians off their feet and left the cause of Christ to suffer while millions of wealth in the possession of Christ's servants is tied up to nothing better than mere indulgence or the satisfaction of a long nourished desire.—'Standard.'

One in Three.

I can tell you three rules
That will make the world bright,
If you'll learn them all well,
And will keep them all right.

When the bright morning comes
And you work for a while,
Do not worry and fret;
Do your task with a smile.

When the noon is at hand,
And you tire in the race,
Just be pleasant to all,
With a smile on your face.

When the darkness comes down
And the night shadows fall,
Do not frown at the clouds,
Have a bright smile for all.

Three smiles for all the day;
For morning, noon, and night;
When you obey these rules,
The world will be more bright.

'S. S. Messenger.'

True Ballast.

For many years I lived with my parents in a little seaport town on the coast of Sussex. I was born there, and all my earliest associations are connected with that place and its people. One old friend I shall never forget, for from him I learned many a lesson, which has stood me in good stead whilst engaged afterwards in the stern battle of life. I took my customary stroll down to the little harbor one morning before breakfast, in order to have a chat with my friend, Tom Purvis, who, I must mention, was master of a small ketch, which was then in port. I noticed several bags being taken on board, and asked Tom what the contents were.

'Ballast, my boy,' was the reply. 'I find the old "Mary" wants a bit more than she's got, and I'm giving her some shingle in bags; she's hardly stiff enough without more.'

'What do you mean by being "stiff," Tom?' I asked.

'I mean being able to stand up well against a breeze o' wind without the risk of being capsized. Do you understand?'

'You mean that if the vessel has more weight at the bottom it will keep her more upright when the wind blows—is that it, Tom?'

'That's just it, my boy; she wants more weight, or ballast as we call it, stowed right at the bottom of her, or she'd run a great risk of coming to harm in a strong breeze. Only the other day,' went on my friend, 'I was reading of a vessel as was capsized through not having sufficient ballast aboard, and several men were drowned. It's a dangerous thing to go to sea without sufficient ballast, my boy!'

I noted the look on old Tom's face as he spoke, and knew there was something on his mind which he wanted to tell me—some lesson he wanted to illustrate—and patiently waited.

'Master Curtis,' resumed the dear old fellow at length, laying one of his rough horny hands affectionately on my shoulder, 'I'm an old man now, and have gone through a great deal, and my experience might be useful to you if you would care to listen.' He looked inquiringly into my face as he spoke.

'Of course, I shall be only too pleased to do so, Tom,' I replied. 'You know I am always glad to listen to anything you have to say.'

He looked pleased, and went on.

'Your asking me about ballast has brought something to my mind—some lesson, I mean—and I'll tell you what it is. I'm no parson; I can't preach, but I can tell you what I've learned by experience. This talking about the "Mary" and ballast 'minds me of a lesson which is useful to all of us, whether we be rich gentlefolks or hard-working laborers.'

He paused, and looked steadily into my face. I made no reply, and he proceeded:

'Yes, whether we be rich or gentlefolk or poor, hard-working laborers, we all want ballast—and ballast of the right sort, too. I daren't go to sea in the "Mary" without ballast, for I shouldn't feel safe; and I daren't go through life without it neither.'

Tom again paused, as though to note the effect of his words upon me. I knew he was coming out with one of his apt illustrations, and waited patiently for him to co..tinue.

'There is ballast, there is ballast,' went on the old fellow, looking closely into my face with his still keen, grey eyes. 'Some ballast is worse than useless, and will do more harm than good; ballast as is stowed very loosely, and will shift right over to the lee side when the wind strikes the vessel, and so put her on her beam ends. That kind of ballast, as I said before, is worse than useless, and will endanger the vessel and all on board. But the right sort of ballast is that which will not easily shift, and will enable the vessel to stand well up against the breeze. You may call these two sorts of ballast the "true ballast" and the "false ballast." False ballast, you understand, won't allow the vessel to bear up against the breeze, but the true ballast will do so.'

'Then, Tom, how do you apply this illustration to our lives?' I asked, feeling deeply interested. 'In the first place, what do you consider as "false ballast?"'

'What do I consider as false ballast, Master Curtis? Well, I'll tell you. When we're weighted down with pride, self-righteousness, trusting to our own selves, and thinking we have need of nothing, and feeling that so long as we do no harm to anyone, and live respectable and go to church once or twice a week, all will be right for us in the end. This is what I call "false ballast," my boy; and if we only carry this sort of ballast aboard of us, we shall never be able to bear up against the winds and storms of adversity, and must come to grief sooner or later.'

'I quite understand you, Tom,' I said. 'Now, tell me what you consider as being "true ballast?"'

Tom looked earnestly into my face before he replied:

'Ah, Master Curtis, true ballast is what you can't make for yourself or put aboard yourself, but it comes for the asking, if you want it, and feel you can't do without it. In short, "true ballast," my boy, is taking Christ aboard; and, when you've got Him aboard, leaving Him to look after you and putting the tiller into His hands; that's true ballast, my boy—that's true ballast.'—W. C. Metcalfe, in the 'Colleger and Artisan.'

A Bad Temper.

When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up.

The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart in the face of great provocation is a hero. The world may not own him or her as such; but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life.

An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Your temper is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Retreat Stopped.

Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers of their position, a Roman army resolved upon retreat. Their general expostulated with them, but in vain. Much they trusted, much they admired, much they loved him, but they were not to be moved; and carried away, as by a panic, they faced round.

The way led up a mountain pass, where the road, between stupendous rocks on the one side and a foaming river on the other, was but a footpath, broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resort the general laid himself down there, saying—

'If you will retreat, it is over this body you go, trampling me to death beneath your feet.'

The flight was stopped. The soldiers could not trample under foot one whom they so revered. They wheeled round and resumed their march.

But for us who have renounced sin to turn back to its pleasures, involves a greater crime, Jesus, as it were, lays Himself down on our path; nor can any become backsliders without trampling Him under their feet.—'Friendly Greetings.'

OUR NEW MESSENGER STORY.

'THE RED, RED WINE.'—A TEMPERANCE STORY BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

It is a source of much satisfaction to us to give our readers this powerfully written temperance story. The author was for years a champion in the cause of total abstinence, denouncing with voice and pen the traffic which is carrying woe into happy homes in this land, and in these days as well as in the England of the days in which the story tells. 'There is not one incident,' says Mr. Wray's son, 'which has not had its counterpart in the lives of those who at one time dwelt in the main street of the East Yorkshire village where the author spent his early life.'

If in parts the story is tragical, the fault is with the drink, not the narrator, and there is brightness enough in the lives of the grand hero and the sweet little heroine to comfort us for their trials.

This new serial begins in this, the New Year's number, and will run for a little over five months, during which time some of your friends and neighbors not now taking the 'Messenger' will like to try it. Four half-year subscriptions, to start with the opening chapter, will be received for sixty cents, if sent in on a form similar to the coupon given below.

....

Messrs. John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for six months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial, entitled, 'Red, Red Wine.' I enclose fifteen cents.

NAME .. ..

P. O. ....

PROV.. .. ..DATE .. ..

N.B.—SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Sunday schools that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it in clubs of ten or over for the six months for only ten cents per scholar. Show this to all Sunday school workers in your vicinity. They know the need and also the power of a thrilling temperance story.

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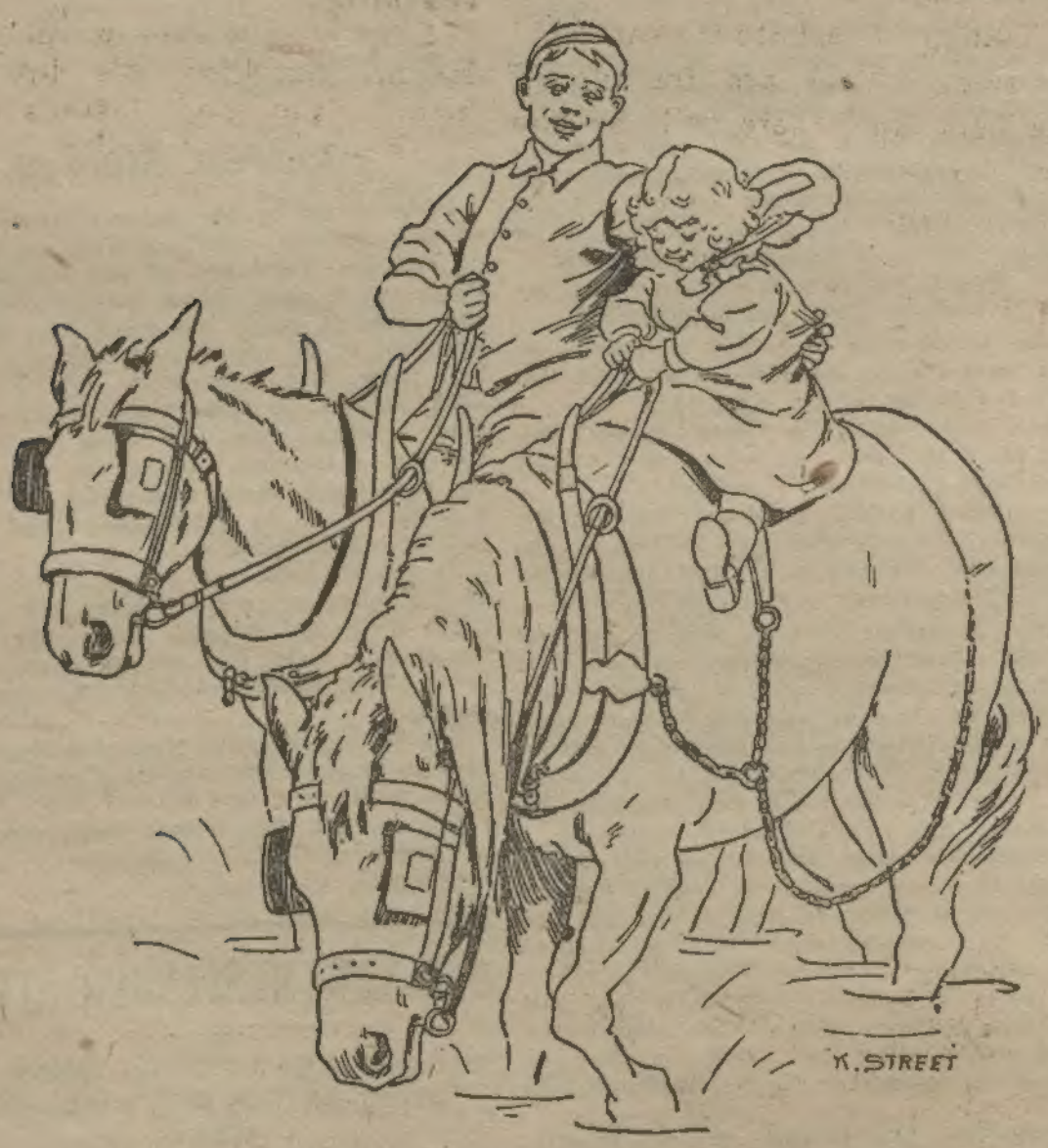

Ena's Ride.

From the farmyard little Ena
  Came one evening, full of glee;
'I have had a ride on Gipsy
  In the meadow pond!' cried she.

'Oh, and mother, it was lovely
  When his feet and legs went in,
For the water jumped up quickly,
  And the splashes hit my chin!'

With a smile her mother answered.
'Yes, and Gipsy bent his head
For a drink, and you were frightened!'
'I was not!' the darling said.

'For the horseman, Ted, was near me,
  And he held me by my dress;
He was in the water also—
  He was riding quiet Bess.

'Bess and Gipsy are good horses,
  And I gave them each a kiss,
And they neighed and whinnied loudly—
  They were saying, 'Thank you, miss!'

'And I kissed poor Teddy, mother,
  After asking if I might,
And I hugged him for a moment,
  As I hug you every night.

'And I whispered as I hugged him,
  'Oh, I love you dearly, Ted,'
And I think it pleased him, mother,
  For his cheeks got very red!'

'I am sure it did, my darling,'
  Mother told her. She was right,
Loving words, a hug, and kisses,
  Cannot fail to give delight.

—Aunt Daphne, in 'Child's Companion.'

The Turkey's Rights.

'Gobble, gobble, cackle, cackle,' such a disturbance in Grandma Scott's usually peaceful barnyard, it surely seemed as though all the barnyard fowls were much excited, but Mrs. Turkey hopped on a box, and soon made known the reason for the commotion.

'Gobble, gobble! It's a perfect shame the way I am treated, and I won't stand it. Here I am, the only turkey on the place; already I've laid fifteen eggs, and when I want to have my rights, and raise a family, I'm put under an old box, and you hens are given my eggs and my rights,' and Mrs. Turkey looked with anger at Plymouth Rock and Speckled Hen, who had four tiny turks following them, which she felt justly belonged to her.

'Dear me,' cackled Speckle, 'it's not our fault. As for me, I'd rather have chicks, for they are ever so much prettier than turkeys.'

Just then Peggie called, 'Kip,' Kip,' Kip!' and thus averted a fight, for in the scamper for breakfast the fowls forgot their grievance, still Mrs. Turkey gobbled as she ran for her share, 'I'll have my rights yet, see if I don't.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Turkey had a private chat, which resulted in them rising very early in the morning and taking a long walk. After quite a search, Gobbler said, 'Here's the very place, dear; she will never find you here,' and then they returned to breakfast.

'I wonder whatever has become of the turkey?' questioned Pollie of Grandma; 'she hasn't been around for several days.'

'I hope she isn't lost,' replied Grandma, 'let's hunt for her.'

So a search was made under the barn, around the haystack and near the granary, but all in vain, so she was given up for lost, and even the hens decided that in striving for her rights poor Turkey had died.

One morning Mrs. Turkey returned, but so changed one would scarcely recognize her. Several feathers were missing, and she walked rather lame.

'Dearie me,' exclaimed Grandma, 'if here isn't our turkey, and she looks like a drowned rat. I guess she stole her nest, and the coyotes got after her,' and throwing Mrs. Turkey a pan of wheat she remarked to Pollie she guessed the coyotes had cured the turkey of wanting to set this year.

Another chat took place in the hen coop that night.

'Poor dear,' gobbled Gobbler, 'you must have had a hard time.'

'Yes,' indeed,' gobbled Turkey. 'I thought the coyote would kill me. I had a fearful struggle, and as it is my eggs are all gone; but I'll try again.'

'I'll come with you, then,' said Gobbler, 'and come and see you every day, and we'll try and win this time.'

So another nest was found in a much safer place, and Mrs. Turkey disappeared again. Grandma de-

clared the silly thing had gone again, and the coyotes would surely get her now, and although she noticed the Gobbler wandering off every day by himself, supposed he was grieving for his companion.

It was a bright, sunny day, and once more the barnyard was full of excitement, for six hens were proudly displaying large broods of downy chicks. Suddenly a loud 'Gobble, gobble' was heard, and who should strut into their midst but Mrs. Turkey in all the glory of achieved victory, followed by seven downy turks, all bright and healthy. Grandma and Pollie were delighted, and all the hens gathered round to pay homage to the handsome brood.

'Gobble, gobble! I said I'd have my rights, and here they are. Gobble, gobble!' and the little family ran to her.—'The Young Soldier.'

Dandelion Clocks.

(By Annie W. McCullough, in 'Youth's Companion.')

I'm sure the dandelion clocks could tell
The many things we'd like to know so well—
What time of night to catch the elves and fays,
What time to spy the brownies at their plays,
When fairies spread their cobweb wash to dry,
And when to see the fairy queen pass by.
We'd like to know just when the bluebells rings,
So we could quiet be, and listening;
What time the lady-slippers dancing go,
What time the Indian-pipe will bubbles blow,
What time jack-in-the-pulpit clears his voice
To preach his sermon all about 'Rejoice.'
We've watched and listened till the time seemed long,
But, though they ought to know, they told us wrong.
So now we'll ask what they can tell us right:
'What time is father coming home to-night?'
Though they have mocked our other questions so,
This will not matter much—because we know!

How Buster Lost His Head.

Dominick, the black hen, and her family of half-grown chickens, were in the back yard.

'Let's go over into the oat field,' she said, 'They are drawing off the oats, and there will be fine scratching there.'

'The idea of scratching for a living!' said Buster, the pert young rooster of the family. 'I know a trick worth two of that.'

'I know what you mean,' said little Whitey, 'and I should think

MOLLIE AND THE CHICKENS.

you'd be ashamed of yourself! You sneak into the shed and steal everything you can find.'

'That's what I do,' replied Buster boldly, 'and I get a good living that way. That's why I'm the biggest of the family. Stealing is lots easier than scratching.'

'I saw Molly whack you with a broom yesterday when she drove you out,' put in Speckle.

'What of it? She didn't hurt any more than a fly. I was in there again as soon as her back was turned. Come in with me now, Brownie, and we'll have a feast out of the cat's dish and the swill pail!'

'No, Brownie, don't go with your naughty brother. Come on to the oat-field.' And Dominick led the way, all but Buster following. He sneaked into the shed again, and ate all he could hold.

'Mr. Clay,' said the nurse, coming out on the porch, 'the doctor says Henry may have chicken broth—young chicken,'

'Oh, father!' cried Mollie, 'do kill Buster, he is such a thief! I drive him out from the shed forty times a day.'

'The very one that's fit to kill, then,' said her father, going to the shed, where he met Buster coming out; and the first thing that smart chicken knew, he didn't know anything!

'Tip-top chicken broth!' said Henry, smacking his lips that night. 'I'm glad Buster's dead.'

'So am I' cried Mollie.

'Remember, children,' said Dominick to the rest of her brood, 'it is far safer to scratch for a living than to steal.'—Ex.

A Story of Lights.

(Harriet S. Warren, in 'Kindergarten Review.')

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird, 'You give so little light compared with the sun.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and someone might get hurt.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give as much light as the electric light.'

'I do the best I can,' said the light. 'Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here someone might fail to see it, and fall.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'You do not give even as much light as the gaslight.'

'I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

'Of what use are you?' asked the bird. 'Your light is so small. You do not give even as much as a lamp.'

'I do the best I can,' said the candle, 'and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can.'

'That's true,' said the bird, and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great: 'All are helpers.

Correspondence

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and like it very much; my sister takes it. I heard about the 'Canadian Pictorial,' and should like to get the Christmas number, and I hope you won't mind sending it to me. I am ten years old, and have three sisters younger than myself, and one older.

JENNIE GOURLAY.

[Your riddles have been lately asked, Jennie.—Ed.]

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on the Manitoulin Island. It is a very large island, and is also very pretty in the summer time. I go to school, and I am in the senior fourth grade. I have two sisters and one brother. We live on a farm near S S., which is a small village; there are two stores and one blacksmith shop, and one hotel, a woollen mill, a grist mill, a saw-mill, and two churches in it, beside a number of dwelling houses. I have three pets, two birds, and a cat. My birds' names are Dick and Trilby, and my cat's name is Tiger. I am practicing for the Christmas entertainment now.

L. M. C.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Nellie and her old Friend.' Marjorie Benson, A., Assa.
2. 'Five Little Darlings.' William J. Lowe (aged 15), M., Ont.
3. 'A Friendly Chat.' Hazel Barton (aged 11), S. C., N.B.
4. 'Our Team.' Willie Roys (aged 10), M. R., Ont.
5. 'The Rock Bass.' Muriel Nichols, W., Ont.
6. 'A Thrush.' V. A. (aged 14), T., Ont.
7. 'A House.' Maggie Baragar (aged 10), F., Ont.
8. 'The Mayflower.' Everett Montague (aged 12), C. J., Mass.
9. 'Royal Prince.' Alex. M. Ramage, M., Que.

V., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I thought I must have the pleasure of writing a little letter. First of all, I must tell you we have been here four years next May. We came from Dear old England, and my Papa is a pensioner from the Royal Artillery, after having served 22½ years. We live on a farm, and have two horses, five cattle, 28 fowls. I also have one sister and one brother.

CISSIE FISHER (aged 10 years.)

L. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country, and it is great fun to go out moose hunting. My father and uncle both shot a moose this year. I have three uncles and three aunts, and lots of cousins in California, and I expect to go out to see them some time. I always send your paper out to them, and they think it is fine.

I have a mile to go to church. I go to school every day. I have two pets, a dog and a colt. My dog's name is Prince, and my colt's name is Rod.

ABRAM E FRASER.

[Your riddle has been already asked, Abram.—Ed.]

W. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about four miles out of town. We have eighteen head of cattle, five horses, eleven pigs, and no sheep. I have two miles and a half to go to school. I have two sisters, and no brothers. There is a creek at the school, and we have good skating in the winter time. Last Christmas I hung up my stockings, and got a knife, handkerchief, and candies and oranges.

I am fourteen years old. In a few weeks will be Christmas, and then there will be lots of fun.

CHESTER McRANN.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and intend trying the Entrance next summer. I have three brothers and two sisters. Their names are Alma, Victor, Bessie, Kenneth and Ronald. Ronald is not a year old yet, and Kenneth is two years. The rest of us go to school. We live on a large farm, and raise cows, horses, sheep, pigs and fowl. For pets we have two cats called Pinkie and Jennei, and a dog called Swift. I think I will close with some riddles:—

What tree is a member of the church?

What island was the largest in the world before Australia was discovered?

FLORENCE CURRIE.

C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We live in C., which is a very pretty little country place. I go to school, and am in the fifth grade. Mabel Warren is my seat-mate.

I live on a farm, and have lots of fun. For pets I have a dog, three cats, and a cow.

Our nearest church is in Margate, about two miles from here.

L. G. WOODSIDE.

M. F., Que.

Dear Editor,—Mamma read 'Rasmus' and 'St. Cecilia' out loud, to us. My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I go to school and am in the second class. I have three sisters and two brothers. My oldest sister is going to school in Montreal. We soon will have enough snow to slide, then we will have lots of fun sliding. Now I guess I will put a few riddles in:—

1. What has a base but plays no ball?
2. What has no locks, but has some keys?
3. What always falls, but gets no scratches?
4. What has a branch, but has no leaves?
5. What hook will never catch a fish?

CAROLINE A. M. DAVIS.

Q. P., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I live at a fishing lake and am 10 year old, I go to school in the summer, and to church also. I have a dog named Pincher, and one named Collie, they both go in harness, and I drive them everywhere. The lake is full of fish, and people come and fish here with hooks, and some with nets.

We have lots of hens, geese, and turkeys, There were a great many wild geese here this fall. They came to the grain fields at night and went in the lake in the day. The wolves are very thick here and we hear them quite close every night. We live on a farm, and have about fifty head of horses. I have a pony, we have two milk cows, and two calves. I have five brothers and two sisters. We live fifteen miles from town. We have Sunday school in our house.

S. B. FIELD.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. For a pet I have a dog named Carlo. I have six brothers, but no sisters. We live on a farm of 250 acres. We have nine horses and ten cows. My father keeps a blacksmith shop and carriage shop, and does the undertaking business.

LETTY MATHER.

OTHER LETTERS.

F. Draper, Q., Que., sends in a good Biblical Alphabet, which we will be glad to print some time.

N. F. Mac., K., Sask., sends in three riddles, one of which has been asked, the other are: 1. Why is a theatre like a bird? and 2. Why is the letter 'I' never too late?

Flora MacLean, N. W. H., N.S., says she is a bookworm, but only reads what her mother advises. That kind of a bookworm is on the right road. We are sorry, but we cannot give you the address you ask for, Flora. It is a very decided rule that the addresses of correspondents can not be made public.

Flora Annis, D., Ont., is a very lucky little girl. She has 'seventeen dolls, a doll house, a doll carriage, and a hammock.' And she is only seven years old. We rather wonder what there was left for Santa to bring her this Christmas.

Howard Cleary, S., Que., is quite as well off in his way, for there are very few boys who have in their homes both a collie and a St. Bernard, as pets.

Laura Howard, M., Ont., gives answers to several riddles, some right and some wrong. Ethel Joliette's is rightly answered—a bear; so is Lizzie Price's—an umbrella; and Rachael Ross's—the dead hen. Nellie Gidley's riddle on Milwaukee, answered in this letter, has been answered by four others this week.

Lydia E. Morison, S., Ont., one of these four, also sends in a riddle that has been asked.

Willie T. Brooks, B.C., Ont., is another to guess this correctly. The riddle he gives happens to have been asked, too.

William H. Jacob, S.R., Ont., sends in this answer, and the following riddles: 1. Why is a penmaker a wicked man? 2. Why need people never starve in the desert?

Hazel Barton, who answers both Nellie Gidley's and Ethel Joliette's riddles, sends in two more: 1. Why is 'B' like a fire? 2. How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?

Margaret Mackenzie, H., Ont., sends in the answer to Dorothea Evison's riddle, which has since been printed.

Everett Howat, T., P.E.I., attends the consolidated school in that district, and gets a ride every day to school in the van.

A. W. P., Ont., answers one of Ernest O. Johnson's riddles by saying that the difference between a pair of pants and a pie is that the former are cut before they are made, and the latter is made before it is cut. The other answer given in this letter is wrong.

Vinton Mandigo, I., Indiana, says he doesn't see any letters from the United States. You must read the paper a little more, Vinton, for a large number come from over the line. Vinton says that they are having some fine evangelical services at his home city. We are glad to hear this. There is a riddle enclosed: Which is the heavier, a half, or a full moon?

Short, but very neat little letters have also been received from Tena Thomson, C., Ont., Lena Grainger, H., Ont., and Violet Smith, M., Que.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 13, 1907.

MAN MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Genesis i., 26; ii., 3.

Golden Text.

God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.—Gen. i., 27.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 7.—Gen. i., 26; ii., 7.
Tuesday, Jan. 8.—Gen. ii., 8-25.
Wednesday, Jan. 9.—Ps. xiii., 1-9.
Thursday, Jan. 10.—Ps. vc., 1-11.
Friday, Jan. 11.—Ps. c., 1-5.
Saturday, Jan. 12.—Isa vl., 5-25.
Sunday, Jan. 13.—Acts xvii., 16-31.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Genesis is essentially pictorial. It is a radiant panorama. For the end intended, its scenic method could not have been surpassed. The motive of the book is to reveal the reality, personality, and power of God: to show the material universe as an expression of His mind and a creation of His will; to make plain to him, man's own constitution and his relation to nature and to God. For the purpose to be conserved the form is singularly effective. When all is said and done by way of criticism, the book will still command respect. Theories concerning authorship and inspiration may be altered or discarded, but Genesis will never lose its hold upon the universal human heart.

The most remarkable content of the book is the thought of God in the creation of man. The radiant enunciation of this is the rarest jewel in this casket of gems. It is of practical and priceless value. With dramatic vividness the Father of the world is pictured as coming to a halt in His creative work. In the last of the great and long epochs, He pauses as if to separate and give special distinction to what He is now about to do. The fact that it is the last in order indicates that it is pre-eminent and climatical. The change in the creative formula is also significant. The 'let be' used seven times is now changed to 'let us make'—it is the 'plural of majesty.'

It is as if God is solemnly announcing to Himself His intention of creating a vicar who shall visibly represent Himself upon the earth. A being is now to be made who shall be like God. One with whom he can commune at pleasure, and one who by his intelligence and will shall bring everything, animate and inanimate, to its best estate. It pleases Him to create man in a dualism: made and female creates He them. He ordains their multiplication and commissions them to 'have dominion.' With the solicitude of a father He indicates the kind, quality, and abundance of food prepared for them. And now for the seventh time God spreads His hands in benediction over all His works. In the seventh epoch there is cessation from creative work, and God Himself gives an object lesson and example of respite from toil.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Genesis pictorial.
   Effective method:
   To reveal God; the world as His handiwork, and man's relation to world and God.
   Theories concerning Genesis discarded, while for substance book is retained.
2. God's thought in man's creation chief content.
3. Man God's vicar.
4. Benediction.
5. Exemplary respite from toil.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

All that precedes in this story of Creation is preparatory to man. Separation of light and darkness, waters above and beneath, creation of sun and moon, of life animal and vegetable, all is an orderly approach to man as the crown of all.

* * * *

This is assurance of the dignity of man's station and the worth of his being. It is his coronation at the hand of his creator.

* * * *

What constitutes man's likeness to God? It can not be anything in physical nature, for God is Spirit without body. The likeness inheres in man's moral and intellectual faculties. He thinks, wills, loves. This power, not shared by any other creatures, makes him to 'lack little of being God.'

* * * *

Commdeship was in the mind of God in the making of man. God wanted company.

* * * *

'Likeness and image' is simply rhetoric. It is not two different meanings but duplication of the same meaning for emphasis.

* * * *

Man's dominion over nature was never so great as at the present day. With retort, spectrum, and telescope he is wresting nature's secrets from her and subduing her forces to his use. The universe affords a limitless arena for man's skill and prowess.

* * * *

We have to talk of God as if He were a man. Such is the limitation of language. So the narrative speaks of God as resting, although He can never be weary. His rest was exemplary.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 13.—How God's image is preserved in us—or lost. Gen. i., 26; Col. iii., 1-10. (A temperance meeting.)

On Taking Aim.

You have seen a boy handle a gun so that you could not tell what he was aiming at. You have seen another boy with a gun who was evidently uncertain as to what he ought to aim at. And you have seen lots of boys fooling with guns who were not aiming at anything at all. It is just like this in some Sunday schools you know. There are teachers who do their work so that you cannot tell what they are trying to accomplish. There are other teachers whose work indicates that they are uncertain as to what they ought to try to accomplish. And there are still others who show quite as plainly that they are not trying to accomplish anything at all. It is not safe to say that if we never aim at a thing we will never hit it, but it is safe to say that a teacher has no business with a class who does not know what he is trying to do, just as a boy has no business with a gun who does not know what he is aiming at. There are teachers whose actions make me as uneasy as a foolish boy fooling with a gun. You never know what is going to happen. It is not worth while to assume that if the aimless teacher does no good he will at least do no harm. 'What did your teacher talk to you about to-day?' I asked little Miss Flaxenhair yesterday. 'She told us an awful yarn about a baby that weighed a hundred pounds,' said the little Miss. 'But what did that have to do with the lesson?' 'Oh, nothing at all,' she replied with a toss of her flaxen head; 'she just hears the Golden Text and then talks about anything that comes up.' That aimless teacher is certainly doing no good. But is she doing no harm?

* * * *

The first thing a teacher needs is a pure heart. The second is a clear aim. And the second is as essential as the first. It is not enough that a teacher should be good: he must be good for something. He must aim at something, and he must know what he is aiming at. We need to stop short now and then and inquire not only into the purity of our hearts, but also into the purity of our purpose. What am I trying to accomplish? Am I trying to build up a reputation for my class, or am I trying to build up my class? Am I trying to win souls, or am I trying to win the record for the best attendance? Am I trying to mould my pupils into the image of Christ, or am I merely trying to mould them into an orderly set of pupils that will give me the name of having the most orderly class in the school? Is my heart set upon the real work of the school, or only upon its millinery?—Dr. Pell.

'Think yourself empty.
'Read yourself full.
'Write yourself clear.
'Pray yourself hot.' — Sunday Times.

Value of Pictures

The more people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures of current events — for they contribute delightfully at a glance to a still further education.

* * *

The less people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures, because they tell them at a glance of interests of which they cannot or perhaps will not read. That is why they please and instruct the children.

* * *

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'Witness' Building, Montreal.

WARNING NOTICE.

The very advantageous terms on which we were enabled to offer 'Messenger' subscribers the 'Canadian Pictorial' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one year for only seventy-five cents are about to be withdrawn by the Pictorial Publishing Company. As already indicated, the low price of the 'Pictorial' was for introduction purposes merely. We therefore give notice that after January 15th the price for the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for a year each will be one dollar for the club. BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE 75 CENT RATE WHILE IT LASTS. Address all subscriptions to John Dougall and Son, publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

The Doctor's Ideal.

(Maggie Fearn, Author of 'That Maid of Monsons,' 'Tempted,' etc., in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—'NO EQUIVALENT.'

'Doctor, if you should ever meet your ideal in a bright attractive Temperance house, where the working man could have every possible pleasure and all his wants met—minus, of course, that all-powerful glass of beer—would you "own up," and admit that the thing could be done, and the needs met without alcohol?'

Dr. Gordon moved a step or two in good-tempered impatience.

'But I shall never meet it.'

'Now, you are cowardly, and begging the question. Would you, doctor?'

'Well, yes, of course, However, I am pretty safe in promising, so I don't fear the issue of events.'

'Doctor, I wish alcoholism were more generally regarded in its true light, and dealt with as a disease. It is more often dipsomania, and a case for professional treatment, than a deliberate outbreak of wilful indulgence.'

'You are right, but until this is more uniformly recognized the whole matter will remain what it is—a huge enigma. You think you have found its solution in total abstinence, but until total abstinence has something better to offer than I have at present seen, I fail to accept your theory, Miss Sinclair.'

He extended his hand with the frank cordiality which won him so many friends. He had spared a long time from his professional duties discussing this question; but the cosy fireside had not been without fascination for him, and the sonsie face near by was not unworthy of regard. Miss Sinclair lifted her eyes with a smile in them.

'Doctor, don't be too hard on me if I cherish a rising and urgent desire to do battle with your prejudice. You have levelled a heavy broadside against our army's colors, and I must do my little best to protect their honor. Give me one month's grace before you again cross swords with me, and you will see what you will see.'

The doctor laughed heartily.

'I must make a note of the date,' he said, 'and enter a mem. in my diary. A month then, Miss Sinclair—not a day more!'

'And then you will not know what to expect.'

'It will be something worth expecting if it emanates from you,' he answered, gallantly. 'So I am content to call a truce for one whole month.'

CHAPTER II.—THE IDEAL REALISED.

Left alone, Miss Sinclair sat quite still in her pretty cushioned chair for the space of an uninterrupted half hour. The fire had burnt itself into dreary caverns, and the room was growing chill; but she did not move. And when at length she roused from her long reverie, and set to work to remedy her neglect, the absorbed look was yet lingering in her eyes, and her face had taken on it a strong look of resolution, and the little square chin was held with a determined air.

'Dreaming will not bring about what I desire,' she said to herself. 'I must do more than dream. To convince such a man as Dr. Gordon were worth far more than a month of hard work, surely.'

It is possible that Miss Sinclair's friends, or those not let into the great secret, marvelled somewhat at the scant leisure she seemed to have at her command during the next few weeks. She did but little visiting. If her friends called upon her, she was rarely at home. As for her favorite walks, they were not even haunted by her shade, for Miss Sinclair had more belief in the natural than the supernatural, save where the human sought the Divine. But those weeks were full of business, and business of a character which called for caution and energy. There was a large amount of confidence in the underlying principle of the affair in question also required for the whole thing taken at its true centre, signified a financial experiment such as many older and wiser than Miss Sinclair might have hesitated before risking. Happily, her faith in her cause was a very strong and unwavering one. She believed in it, and it is wonderful how signally such a belief helps one on the road to success. It is not too much to say that it was one of the bulwarks upon which Miss Sinclair's new undertaking leaned; it is also as well to confess that a second was her laudable and determined resolve to be in a position to meet Dr. Gordon's proposed passage-at-arms at the expiration of the month; and happily she was ready.

On the morning previous to the eventful day, a sudden doubt seized her. Not doubt as to her own share in the transaction; she would allow herself none of that. But she was confronted with the wonder as to whether Dr. Gordon would remember. Suppose he regarded it merely as the jest of a moment, and had let the bantering talk slide from his memory, as a thing not to be referred to again? Well, then, Miss Sinclair told herself she must resurrect it, and she would.

There was no necessity for it, as the events of the day subsequently proved. Later on a note was handed to her, and she recognized with a quick bound of her heart Dr. Gordon's superscription on the envelope. Then he had remembered. The note ran thus:—

'Dear Miss Sinclair,—It will be a month to-morrow since I called upon you. Will you be disengaged, if I drop in for five minutes, when on my morning rounds?—Faithfully yours, Leonard Gordon.'

Miss Sinclair read the brief lines thoughtfully, then sitting down to her desk penned the following:—

'Dear Mr. Gordon,—I am glad you have not forgotten the date of the month. It proves your accuracy in keeping your diary. Instead of calling to see me in the morning, will you try to find some leisure to look in at No. 19, Charlotte-street, somewhere about 7 o'clock to-morrow evening? And, if you have leisure to call upon me afterwards, I shall be delighted to have the proposed "five minutes" you are good enough to offer me.—Very truly yours, DAVINA SINCLAIR.'

Then she duly sealed and despatched her note, and awaited with much pleasurable perturbation the coming day. She had honestly worked for great results, and faithful labor should ever be followed by honorable reward.

At 7 o'clock on the succeeding evening, Dr. Gordon put on his hat and overcoat, and prepared to walk as far as No. 19, Charlotte-street. He felt amused and interested, and was never too busy to enjoy a 'bon mot.' The present seemed likely to be of an unusual character.

The evening was stormy and cold, such an evening as makes a man pull up his coat collar, and hasten to his home, to enjoy warmth and shelter; or if he cannot reasonably hope to secure these comforts there, to seek some other place where they were at command—a public-house Dr. Gordon would have suggested; a bright, cleanly coffee restaurant Miss Sinclair would have urged.

Something of this probably occurred to the handsome doctor, as a high wind and a sudden squall of sleet met him with considerable force as he turned the corner of Charlotte-street, and caused him momentarily to lose his breath and slacken speed.

(To be continued.)

Individual Subscriber's Advantage.

Individual subscribers are invited and recommended to take advantage of the clubbing rates, whereby they can have their selection of one or more additional papers at a merely nominal rate, and those who like pictures will find in the 'Canadian Pictorial' many that are worth hanging on the wall. See our remarkable clubbing offers elsewhere in this issue.

'Hard to Shake Off.'

The consciousness of being in the right brings with it a great power, a power that has upheld the martyrs of all generations.

The question was one day asked of Abraham Lincoln, 'Why is it that you are always called "Honest Abe?"' He replied:

'In my law practice I never was worth a cent when I thought I was in the wrong.' Then, rising to the full stature of his giant frame, and clenching his mighty fist, he added, 'But when I think I am in the right, I am mighty hard to shake off.'

Painting the Brewery.

(Alphonso Alva Hopkins.)

They've painted up the brewery, and rightly made it red—
I think you'll quite agree with me, when all is done or said—
For red the danger signal is, and always lurking there
Is danger for the young and old; that color says 'Beware!'

They've painted the brewery; its color tells the truth;
Within its peril legion lurks, for Manhood and for Youth;
Because with pride it lifts itself, and swells its lordly size,
Full many a hope that blossomed bright with bitter blighting dies.

Within its walls the gladness goes of many a weeping wife;
Beneath its roof the secret hides of many a ruined life,
To give it again, and make it great, full many a home knows lack,
For Love and Life gone sadly out that never again come back.

To make its walls rise high and brave too many walls are bare,
Too many cupboards empty wait, with Want and Hunger there;
Where pictures might be hanging, and where carpets might be spread,
There is no grace or comfort, and the children cry for bread.

To feed its greedy, cruel maw goes grain from golden fields
That God's own sunlight ripened well for helpful harvest yields,
And God's own hungry go unfed, and want, and starve and die,—
That Walls of Greed may proudly rise beneath His bending sky.

They've painted up the brewery, and red of danger speaks,
And blood as well. They stole the tint from sorrowing mother's cheeks
That paler grew as boys went bad, and from the hearts that ache
With love and grief past all relief, and then in anguish break.

Perhaps from Murder's blood-red hand they took the blood-red hue—
The hand that once was pure and white as mother-heart was true—
The hand that held the fatal glass which fired the fuming brain,
Till madness mastered Manhood quite, and Love and Life were slain.

Perhaps four flames unseen by men those walls their color take—
The fiery flames of Thirst that burn and Hell's own torment make;
Perhaps reflection they may find from fires we may not see,
Where, round lost souls accursed by Drink, Rum's demons dance in glee.

They've painted up the brewery; painted on it the hopes of youth,
The hearts of love, the needs of life, the wrecks of Home and Truth;
It stands a Monument of Greed, when all is done and said—
A danger signal for us all—and rightly painted red.

—Waif.

HOUSEHOLD.

His Care.

'Soul, doth the wild rain beat?
And doth the wild wind blow?
Hold thee in patience at His feet,
And thou this truth shall know;

His care—eternal—sure,
Hides in the darkest form;
His glad, sweet promises endure
And break through every storm!'

—Selected.

A Good Business Woman.

The ancient writer who sketched the portrait of the ideal woman so many centuries ago began by picturing how the heart of her husband could safely trust in the wife he had chosen, and, not content with representing her as working willingly with her hands, and looking well after the ways of her household, goes a step further, and shows her as a good business woman, able to take her part in the affairs of the world.

In a way this quality of being business-like is a necessity to a young woman who aspires to be a good housekeeper and home-maker, and naturally it is in her relations to her home and her husband that this characteristic first shows itself.

In order to accomplish this, and to manage a household economically, business-like methods are required. Solomon says of the virtuous woman that 'she seeth that her merchandise is good.' How many young married women to-day know enough to see that the things they purchase daily are really good of their kind; that the butcher does not palm off upon them an inferior cut of meat at the highest price, or that the fancy silk they buy at a bargain sale will really pay for the time and expense of making up?

Many a young woman (and not only the young) thinks it mean and small or unladylike to be too fussy about little things, and will allow herself to be cheated rather than assert her inherent sense of what is right. And yet a capable business-like woman, who knows what she wants and why she wants it, and what it ought to cost, and who will have what she pays for, is held in far greater respect by those with whom she deals than the easy-going, ignorant woman who is an every day prey to the unscrupulous.

Many husbands expect their wives to render a weekly accounting of all money expended for household purposes. This is often a great trial to the careless bride; the accounts are badly kept, important items omitted, others entered wrongly, and the weekly going over the books becomes a source of friction; unfortunately, there is more truth than fun in the common story that every dollar that mysteriously slips away in unconsidered driblets goes under the all-embracing head of 'charity.' Simple bookkeeping and a systematic method of keeping accounts of even the most trivial daily expenses are very necessary accomplishments of the all-round ideal woman.

But while the characteristics of the ideal woman we have previously considered, her willingness to work, and her power of looking after the affairs of her household affect her duty as a home-maker, her ability as a good business woman affects her relations with the outside world. For except under very unusual circumstances it is necessary for even the most devoted wife and mother, good housekeeper and accomplished home-maker, to have some interest outside her immediate surroundings, something which will bring her into touch with other minds and other lives not merely in a social way; she needs to do some definite work to brighten and sweeten other lives less fortunate than her own.

But very little charitable work can be done except in a business-like and well-ordered way. The worker on a church committee, the member of a hospital board, the collector for the Penny Provident Fund, who is always late at meetings, whose books are never properly balanced, whose address list is illegible, whose reports are never ready when called for, may do some good in exercising the patience of her fellow-workers, but she is a veritable thorn in the flesh to those unfortunates and her well-meant, untrained efforts are of little value.

The ideal woman, on the contrary, is always prompt, reliable and clear in all things, no detail too insignificant, no task too petty to receive full and patient attention. At meetings she is always in her seat on time and is ready to remain until the end; her books are kept well and any writing she has to do is done legibly.

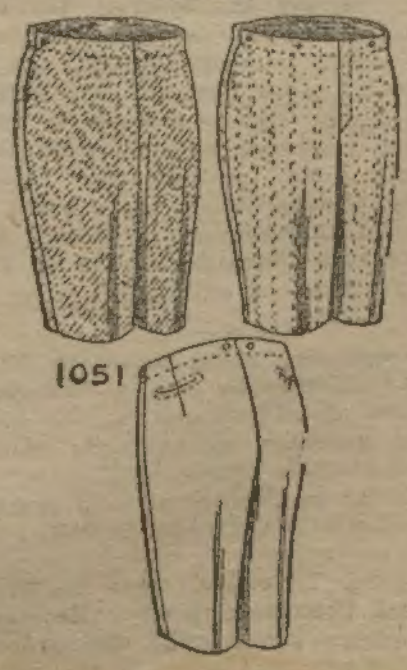
A woman who thus trains herself in business-like methods in the daily tasks of home life, and in the various charitable organizations or church committees to which she gives her time is educating herself, strengthening her powers, and increasing her ability for doing good, and while she may never be called upon to take the position of Solomon's ideal woman who 'considereth a field and buyeth it,' she would be able to do so should occasion or necessity arise.—Henrietta Irving Bottom, in 'Girls' Friendly Magazine.'

For the Busy Mother.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the above model on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

LADIES' CORSET COVER.—NO. 1013.

This neat corset cover, made of fine quality long cloth, is very easy to made. It is trimmed with beading and edging of lace or Hamburg, and may be made with or without peplum. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44 inch bust. It requires for 36 inch bust one yard material 36 inches wide, 3½ yards edging, and 2¼ yards beading, and 3¾ yards ribbon to trim.



NO. 1051.—BOYS' SHORT TROUSERS.

A pair of trousers that can be worn with any coat or blouse is always in demand. This design, having regulation inside and outside leg and centre seam, is easy in construction. Both hip and side pockets are inserted, and a waistband finish is given the top. The trousers terminate at the knees, and are finished with a hem. The pattern is cut in 10 sizes, without a fly, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 years; with fly, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years.

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Killed by Kindness.

We were seated around the supper table; my husband, my little girl aged five, and my mother's aunt, who was stopping with us for a night on her way to visit her daughter in a neighboring city.

I had left them for a moment in order to turn my baby over, as he was fussing and squirming in a most uncomfortable way, when Aunt Sibyl's voice drew my attention.

'Why don't you bring that child to the table,' she said, 'and not let him lie there fretting?'

'Because,' I answered, 'I'd rather go without my supper any time than to sit and hold a baby while eating it.'

'Well, give him to me then; I'll hold him,' and she arose from her chair, and came toward me with arms outstretched, but I waved her back.

'No, thank you, auntie; I don't allow my baby at the table. If I do it once I shall have to do it again and again, and I can take no comfort if I am constantly obliged to keep pushing dishes out of his reach, to say nothing of the danger that he may get scalded with tea, or be made ill by getting food in his mouth.'

Aunt Sibyl stared at me over her spectacles. 'Get food in his mouth!' she repeated, in a most horror-stricken tone. 'Do you mean to tell me that you don't allow that child anything to eat?'

'Even so,' was my answer. He knows nothing whatever about food or table, and I do not intend he shall for a while longer.'

'Now I call that wicked!' cried Aunt Sibyl. 'He is almost six months old, and he needs some solid food, of course.'

'But he hasn't any teeth,' I objected. 'He couldn't chew anything if I should give it to him.'

'Well, you've got teeth, haven't you? Chew up a piece of cake or cooky and put it in his mouth, and see how quickly he will swallow it.'

'I don't doubt that he would,' I replied, calmly. He would swallow a pin or a string, or a piece of leather, with the same avidity, I presume, if it were placed in his mouth, and no doubt they would prove equally indi-

gestible. As for chewing his food for him—Aunt Sibyl, could you eat food chewed by some one else?'

'Of course not; but that's different—a very different thing.'

'I fail to see any difference,' I remarked; 'and I think it is a most disgusting practice. Think of a mother with decaying teeth chewing food, and forcing her helpless offspring to swallow the vile stuff. The idea is simply horrible.'

'Oh, that is carrying daintiness too far, altogether. The baby doesn't know anything about it, and a child as old as that needs something solid,—something more nourishing than milk. Why, Miranda's children' (Miranda was her daughter) 'always came to the table, and when little Hester was five months old they used to give her cake, and potatoes, and baked beans, and a teaspoonful or so of almost everything that the rest of them ate. Children see others have things and of course they want them too.'

'How old are Miranda's children?' I asked—more to change the subject and stop the argument than from any real desire to know.

A shadow fell on the dear old lady's face as she answered soberly, 'Hester only lived to be three years old, and Harry never walked. They didn't seem to have any constitution—kind of pale, waxy-looking children. It was a great trial to us all to lose them, for we all love our children so dearly;' and a tear rolled down her cheek. 'The doctor said there couldn't be anything done for them. Harry had fits, and died in one, and Hester just pined away gradually. Couldn't keep anything on her stomach, and got weaker and weaker, and at last God took her,' and the usually placid face quivered with emotion.

My first impulse was to give voice to the emotions that rose within my heart at her recital, but I refrained, for at that moment the thought came to me, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.'

She could not see that those children were sent out of the world by an injudicious mother who undermined their health when they were infants in arms.

Baked beans for a five-months-old baby! As well give it slow poison. Why will not mothers learn that the juices secreted by the stomach of a nursing baby are utterly powerless to digest starchy foods, and that such foods only lie and decay, thus becoming sources of irritation and distress to the child?

How long must this slaughter of the innocents go on before mothers will try to learn at least the rudiments of nutrition?

No, God did not take those two little children; they were killed by ignorance, and others are following in their footsteps every day. Therefore I say to all mothers,—fit yourselves for motherhood by informing yourselves of the necessities of your children, and cease killing them with kindness (?).—'American Motherhood.'

Training Backward Children.

The development of the senses in the young is the basis of all their future mentality. There is nothing in the mind that was not first in the senses. Sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell are roads that lead to intellect; and mental superiority consists at bottom in the possesion of superior senses. Think of the wonderful development of touch, hearing, sight, muscular sense, manifested by baby Mozart, who used his little nose for a sixth finger, striking it violently against the keyboard when five little fingers were not sufficient to bring out the harmony he strove to express! Genius, during the developing period of childhood, can see, hear, touch, taste, smell; for superiority of mind always means superior senses. There is no exception to this rule.

Light, color, form, odors, flavors and sound call into activity sensory nerve-centres that result in consciousness. This process is exactly the same whether the consciousness is that of a man waking from slumber, or of a child awakening out of infancy. In the first instance, a sound, an odor, a touch, may insure complete consciousness. The awakening of mind is more complex. Unless all the sense organs are fed, the process is incomplete. Backward children are in their unnatural state of retarded development because they have feeble and inferior sense. And in sense-training, therefore, is found their chief means of education and uplifting. Ideas come first from the outside. Do not forget this, dear anxious mother. From contact with things is gathered the seed that, nourished in the region of sensation, will later blossom as thought.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Religious Notes.

The new school year opened at Marsavon, Turkey, with about 500 young men and young women in attendance—a larger number than ever before. Twenty-five young men now are obliged to sleep on the floor, and the dining-rooms have been enlarged to accommodate the boarders. Students have come this year not only from Asia Minor, but from Constantinople and Macedonia. The Marsovan school is one of the best under the American Board.

While Germany tries to exert great influence in trade and education upon the great empire of Persia, its missionary societies have taken comparatively little interest in its spiritual welfare. The German Oriental Mission supports two orphanages for Armenians at Urumia and Choi, while the Hermannsburg Missionary Society has labored in Persia at three stations since 1880. It employs only four native pastors, who received their training in Germany, and the three congregations number about 900 members. Stories of great sufferings are coming from these members, who went through a severe famine last year. The Mohammedans, by whom they are surrounded, have become like ravening wolves through the famine, and make frequent attempts at robbery. The Christians who resist them are tortured and slaughtered. These sufferings of the converts are directing the attention of German Christians to neglected Persia, and an attempt is being made to send a German missionary to the aid of the four native pastors. The Swedish Missionary Society, which has a small work in the same neighborhood of Persia, might co-operate with Hermannsburg in an attempted strengthening and extension of the work.

The following facts, stated by Dr. Joseph P. Cochran when he was in America for the last time, afford only one out of a great number of instances which made notable Dr. Cochran's whole course of 27 years' missionary service in Persia, and well illustrate the wide reach of his influence both as a man and a physician:

A Kurd, Timur-beg, went to Westminster Hospital, Urumia, very sick. He stayed with Dr. Cochran two months and underwent an operation by which pieces of ribs were removed. Timur was a chief and controlled various villages just over the Persian border. He came to the hospital on a litter, with a retinue, and it seemed as if he might die that night. Instead, he recovered, and rode home on horseback. He took a great interest in everything he saw at the hospital. He watched surgical operations and visited all the wards, even those for women.

Some time after Timur had returned home, the chiefs of his region in Albach-Gawar proposed an assassination of Armenians, in a conclave where Timur was present. He opposed the proposition on the ground of his experience in hospital, and said that if the other chiefs went on to carry out their plan, he should cast in his lot with the Christians and fight the Kurds. Thereupon, the plot evaporated.

Timur made these points:

1. Their ability to cure at the hospital.

2. The equal care given to the poor, the lowest and all sorts and conditions of men, as well as to chiefs like himself.

3. The hospital doctor and others there were gentlemen and ladies, and yet they did this lowliest service, as he had seen.

Timur is nephew of the man who headed massacres in Dr. Grant's time, 1844.

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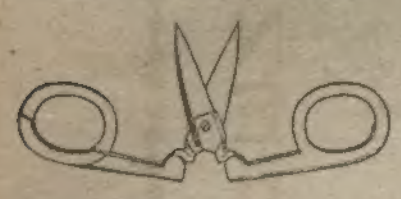

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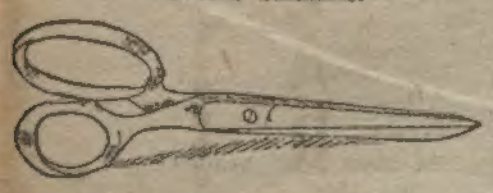

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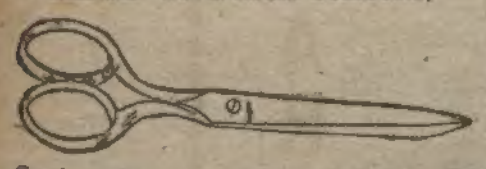

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Good, serviceable tool for an adult; while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Made by Jos. Rodgers, Sheffield, Eng. Two blades. The accompanying cut gives a good idea of make and style. The size of knife closed is nearly four inches.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and 60 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Witness' subscribers at 75 cents.

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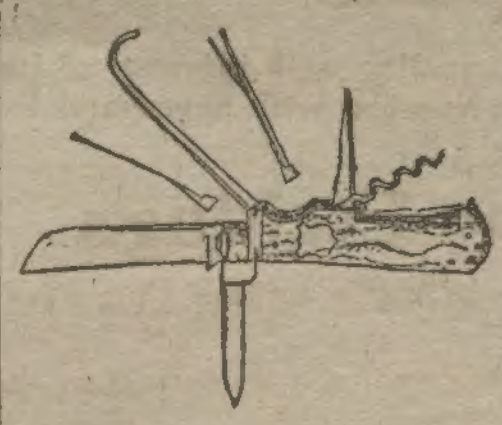
FARMERS' AND SPORTSMEN'S KNIFE.



The combination comprises nine useful articles for everyday use on the farm:—Leather punch, screw driver, corkscrew, tweezer, bradawl, hook for cleaning horses' hoof, also hoof knife, and a large and small blade, all closing into a buckhorn handle, easily carried in the pocket. Manufactured in Sheffield, England. Might well be called the 'Farmer's Friend.'

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A SERVICEABLE WATCH.

Reliable Nickel Watch—full size; satisfies any man, delights every boy. Stem-wind stem set; Ingersoll make—hour, minute and second-hand. Guaranteed. With care lasts for years.

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MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

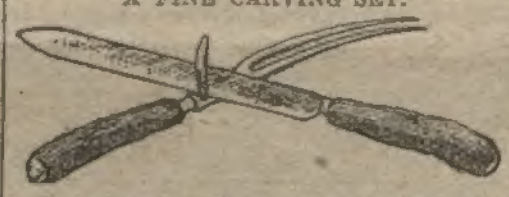
The prettiest, daintiest thing of the kind you have seen, consisting of three pins. These are not in the market at all, as we had a big manufacturer make to our order. The cut above shows actual size, but the cut gives no idea of beauty, or coloring of the original. Made in fine, hard enamel. Every young lady is charmed with them.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and 35 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at 50 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only two new subscribers to the 'Messeneger' at 40 cents.

Or one renewal and one new subscription to the 'Messenger' and a Blouse Set to each subscriber, all for only $1.00.

A FINE CARVING SET.

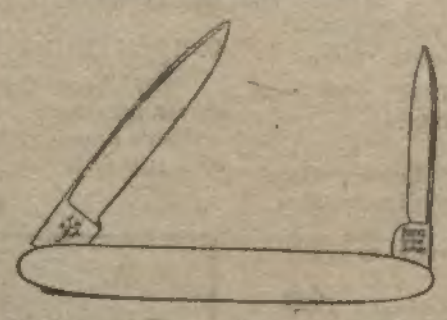


Consisting of knife and fork in fine, hard steel. Made in Sheffield, Eng. Blade, 8 inches long; fork has new spring guard that rises automatically. No more cut fingers—a big improvement on the old style—strong buckhorn handles—altogether a set to give satisfaction every day in the year for many years.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents and $1.20 in cash; or separately to 'Witness' subscribers for $1.50.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only six new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and one renewal at 40 cents each.

LADIES' POCKET-KNIFE.



Light and strong; celebrated Boker make; plain, highly polished nickel case; two blades. A really dainty knife, two and a-half inches long.

This knife has no pearl to crack and come off, but will look well till the last.

Sent postpaid with only one renewal to the 'Messenger' and 35 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for 50 cents.

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MAPLE LEAF BROOCH.

Beautifully colored in fine hard enamel. A most popular premium, because so very easily secured. Just as good for the boys to wear on lapel of coat, as for the girls to wear at the neck.

Sent postpaid for one renewal to the 'Messenger' at forty cents and 15 cents extra; or separately for 20 cents.

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Or send us $1.20 in payment of one renewal and two bona fide new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' and only six cents extra for postage and mailing, and we will send to the remitter for distribution three of these handsome brooches, one for each of the subscribers and an extra Maple Leaf Stick Pin for himself.

This should be an attractive offer to any boy or girl having two chums who do not take the 'Messenger' and who would thus share in the premium.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you have never used one of these new Combination Razors, you have no idea how handy they are, and what a luxurious shave you can get with one.

No risk of cutting—nothing to learn—nothing to adjust. Each set comprises twelve highly-tempered and keen-cutting blades, which can be honed and stropped, if desired, so that they will last for years. The whole outfit packed in neat leatherette box.

Sent postpaid for one renewal subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and $1.25 extra in cash; or for one renewal and one new subscription at 40 cents each, and $1.00 extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for $1.50.

Free and postpaid to an old subscriber sending in six new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

GOLD CUFF LINKS.

What every boy wants to have. Solid gold bar or lever style, 14 karat gold-filled, warranted 10 years. Retails at $1.00.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and 70 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at $1.00.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only four new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

Besides the above premiums we have a lot of dainty Children's Books, "Boys of the Bible," "One-Syllable Series," "Sweet Story of Old," etc., given for New Subscriptions to the 'Messenger." Also some very fine Bibles.

Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample Copies and Subsciption blanks sent free on application.

Agents wanted everywhere to work on commission. Liberal terms.

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